Dwight T. Albatross's
THE GOON
NOIR
DARK HORSE 20 YEARS
$2.99 U.S.
3 of 3
ARVID NELSON
HUMBERTO RAMOS
BRIAN POSEHN
TONY MOORE
THOMAS LENNON
GUY DAVIS
THOMAS SNIEGOSKI
and ERIC POWELL
Eric Powell '06
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Dwight T. Albatross

PRESENTS

THE GOON™

NOIR #3 (of 3)

"The Wisdom of the Goon"

Story by Arvid Nelson Art by Humberto Ramos

"The Honey Pot"

Story by Brian Posehn Art by Tony Moore

"Lucky Pierre"

Story by Thomas Lennon Art by Guy Davis

The Little Unholy Bastards in "Peg Leg Full of Heaven" Part 3

Story by Thomas Sniegoski Art by Eric Powell

Letters by Blambot's Nate Piekos

edited by **Matt Dryer** designed by **Amy Arendts** publisher **Mike Richardson**

Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-a-Zombie Foundation**

Masking Tape Applied by **Scott Allie**

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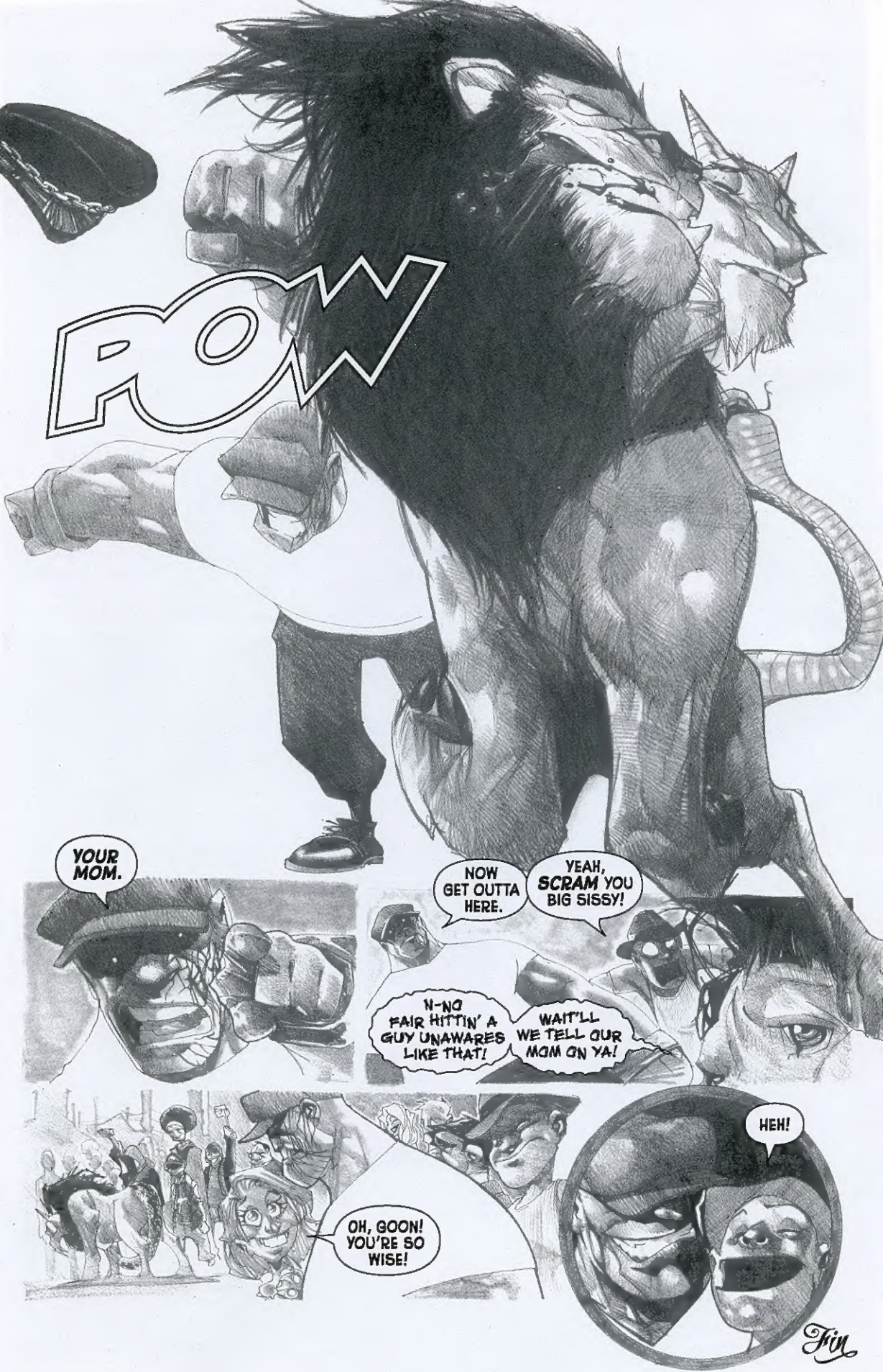
THE WISDOM OF THE GOON
WRITTEN BY ARVID NELSON ART BY HUMBERTO RAMOS LETTERING BY NATE PIEKOS
...SO CHARLIE NOODLES SAYS TO HIM, "I KNOW HIS NAME IS PEACHES VALENTINE..."
"...BUT THAT DON'T MEAN IT'S GONNA TASTE LIKE PEACHES!"
HA HA HA HA!
HA HA HA!
HA HA HA!
HEY, GOON.
NOT NOW, SPIDER.
HEY, GOON.
NOT NOW, SPIDER.
BUT, GOON, I GOT TO TELL YOU SOMETHIN'.
I SAID NOT NOW!
JEEZ! OKAY!
SO YEAH, SO CHARLIE SAYS TO HIM, "AND YOU BETTER GET SOME BLEACH OR SOMETHIN', 'CAUSE IT AIN'T NO VALENTINE, 'NEITHER!"
HA!
THAT CHARLIE! IF I HAD A...
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
GOON!
HA HA!

SOME KIND OF MONSTER OR SOMETHING IS EATIN' PEOPLE DOWN BY SMEAGLE'S BAKERY!
IT'S ASKIN' 'EM RIDDLES, AND IF THEY DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER...IT EATS 'EM!
IT'S GOT TWO HEADS!
AND A SNAKE FOR A TAIL!
AND IT BREATHES FIRE!
AH, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD. NOT AGAIN.
YEAH, HEY! GOON, THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TELL YOU! THERE'S THIS MONSTER EATIN' PEOPLE DOWN BY SMEAGLE'S--
CAN IT, SPIDER! LET'S GO, GOON.
YOOOOOU HAVE FAILED TO ANSWER MY RIDDLE, MORTAL WOMAN!
SOMEONE HELP ME!

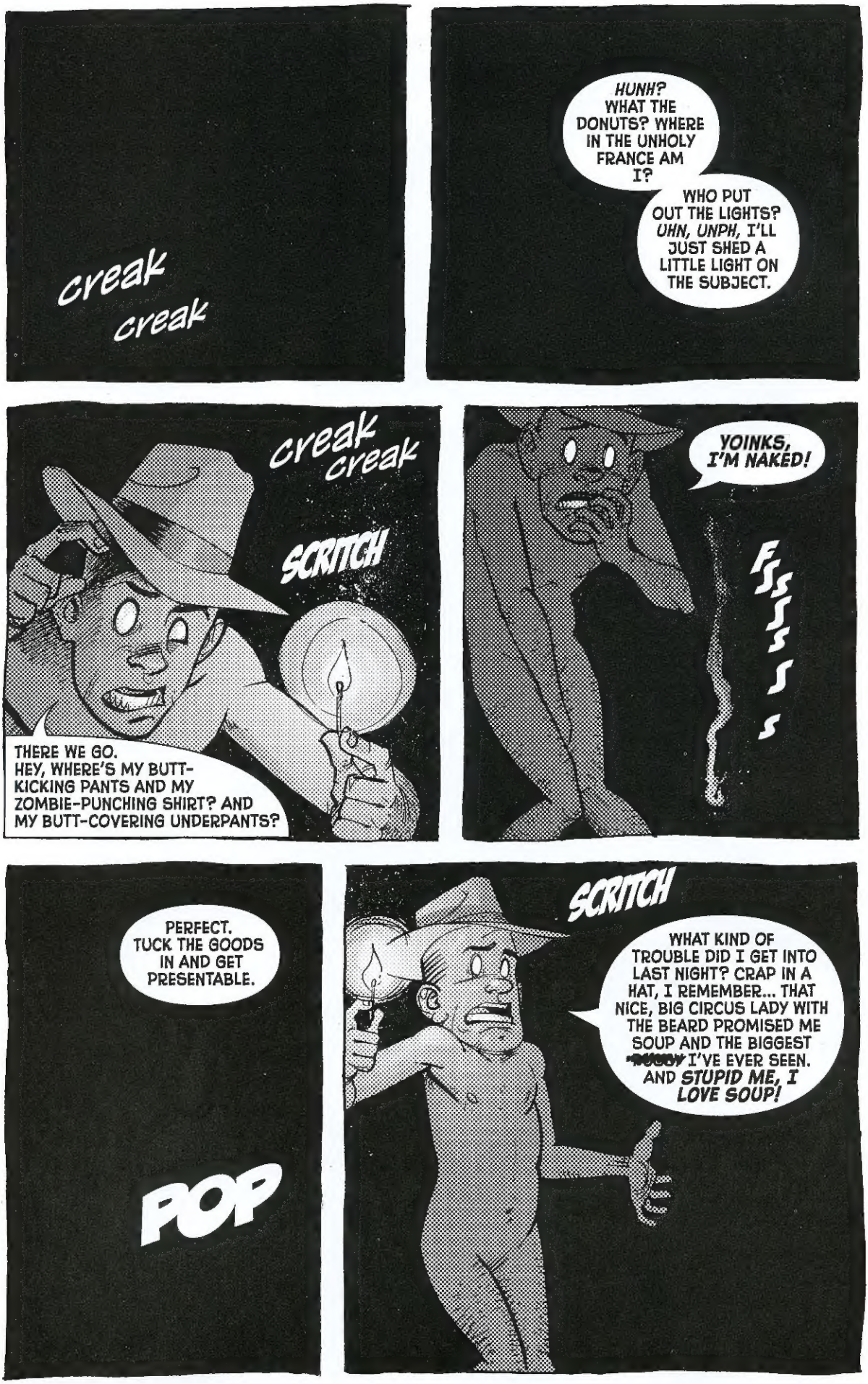
PREPARE FOR A FIERY AND UNCOMFORTABLE DEATH AS I EAT YOU!
HEY!
EH?
SO! ANOTHER MORTAL THINKS HE CAN OUTWIT ME!
ANSWER ME THIS: WHAT WALKS ON FOUR LEGS IN THE MORNING, TWO LEGS AT NOON, AND THREE LEGS IN THE EVENING?
WELL?! WHAT WALKS ON FOUR--


POW
YOUR MOM.
NOW GET OUTTA HERE.
YEAH, SCRAM YOU BIG SISSY!
N-NO FAIR HITTIN' A GUY UNAWARES LIKE THAT!
WAIT'LL WE TELL OUR MOM ON YA!
OH, GOON! YOU'RE SO WISE!
HEH!
Fin

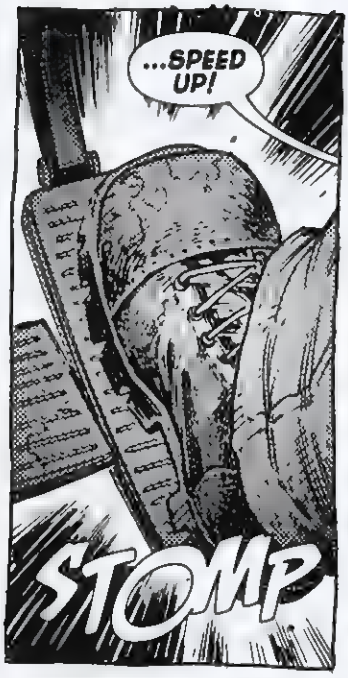
THE HONEY POT
Story by
Brian "Hairy" Posehn
Art by
Tony "Itchy" Moore
Letters by
Nate "Sweaty" Piekos
Norton's PUB
HURRY UP, YOU JERKS!
SORRY, BOSS!
SORRY, BIG D!
WHERE IS THAT CORK-SUCKING, MOTHERFATHERING FREAK, THE GOON?
SMACK
PUNCH
GOUGE
REND
KER-CRASH!

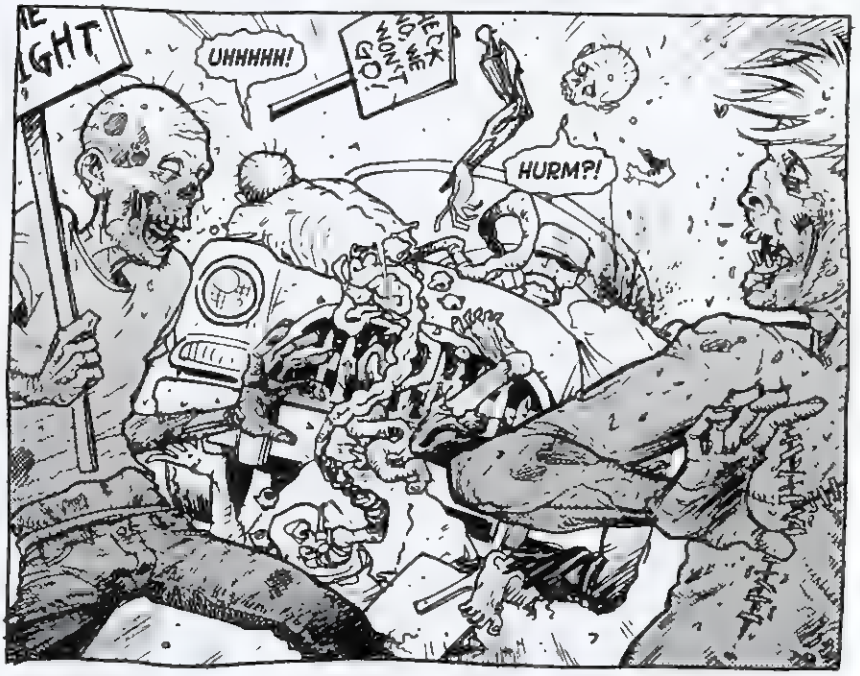
GUESSIN' IT'S GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE DAYS...JUST LIKE YESTERDAY. BUT DIFFERENT. IN A SAMEY KIND OF WAY. HEY, WHERE'S FRANKY?
I DON'T KNOW, GOON.
WHAT THE DEUCE?
KER-PUNCH
OOOF!
URRFFF...
SMASH!

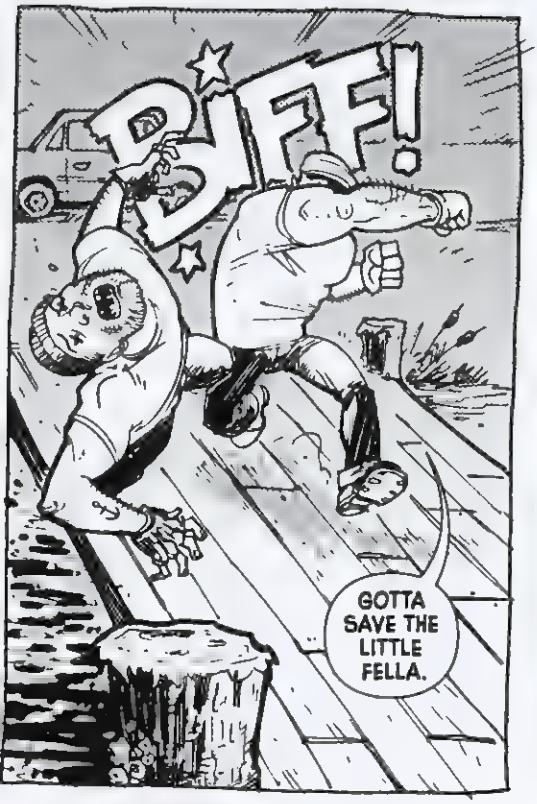
Three minutes later...
SORRY TO SNEAK UP ON YA, GOON. WHAT WAS I SAYING? OH YEAH, FRANKY LEFT LATE LAST NIGHT, TECHNICALLY THIS MORNING, WITH A GIANT LADY-MAN...
I THINK THEY PREFER THE TERM "BEARDED FAT-LADY."
SHE'S IN TOWN WITH HER FREAK SHOW.
WATCH IT WITH THE "FREAK" WORD, SPIDER. I THINK I CAN FIT SIX OF DEM LEGS UP YOUR EXIT HOLE.
EEEEP.
SORRY, GOON, I THINK IT'S MORE OF A CIRCUS, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT.
AH, THE CIRCUS...YOU WAS SAYIN'?
ANYWAY, FRANKY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT LEAVING WITH THE LADY-MAN FOR SOUP AND [redacted]
MAKES SENSE. THE LITTLE GUY LOVES SOUP.
Note to Eric: in future reprints, please go back and change back issues to show Franky's love of soup. Thanks, Brian
HEY, SPIDER, WHERE DO I FIND THIS LADY-MAN THAT'S GIVING FRANKY [redacted] AND SOUP?
UHN! OOF!
OH, GOD!
CHECK DOWN AT THE DOCKS. SHE AND THE REST OF THAT CIRCUS SHE RUNS WITH ARE DOCKED THERE FOR A COUPLE OF NIGHTS.
WHY?
PLINT


creak
creak
HUNH? WHAT THE DONUTS? WHERE IN THE UNHOLY FRANCE AM I?
WHO PUT OUT THE LIGHTS? UHN, UNPH, I'LL JUST SHED A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.
creak
creak
SCRITCH
THERE WE GO. HEY, WHERE'S MY BUTT-KICKING PANTS AND MY ZOMBIE-PUNCHING SHIRT? AND MY BUTT-COVERING UNDERPANTS?
YOINKS, I'M NAKED!
FSSSSSS
PERFECT. TUCK THE GOODS IN AND GET PRESENTABLE.
POP
SCRITCH
WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE DID I GET INTO LAST NIGHT? CRAP IN A HAT, I REMEMBER... THAT NICE, BIG CIRCUS LADY WITH THE BEARD PROMISED ME SOUP AND THE BIGGEST [redacted] I'VE EVER SEEN. AND STUPID ME, I LOVE SOUP!

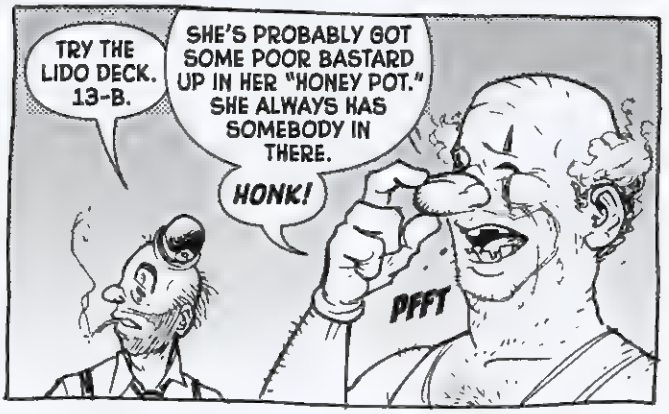
WHAT'S WITH ALL THE DEAD HEADS? I BETTER...
DOCKS
ZOMBIE RIGHTS NOW!
BRAINS!
FLESH NO MORE GO!


...SPEED UP!
STOMP


UHHHHH!
HURM?!


BIFF!
GOTTA SAVE THE LITTLE FELLA.

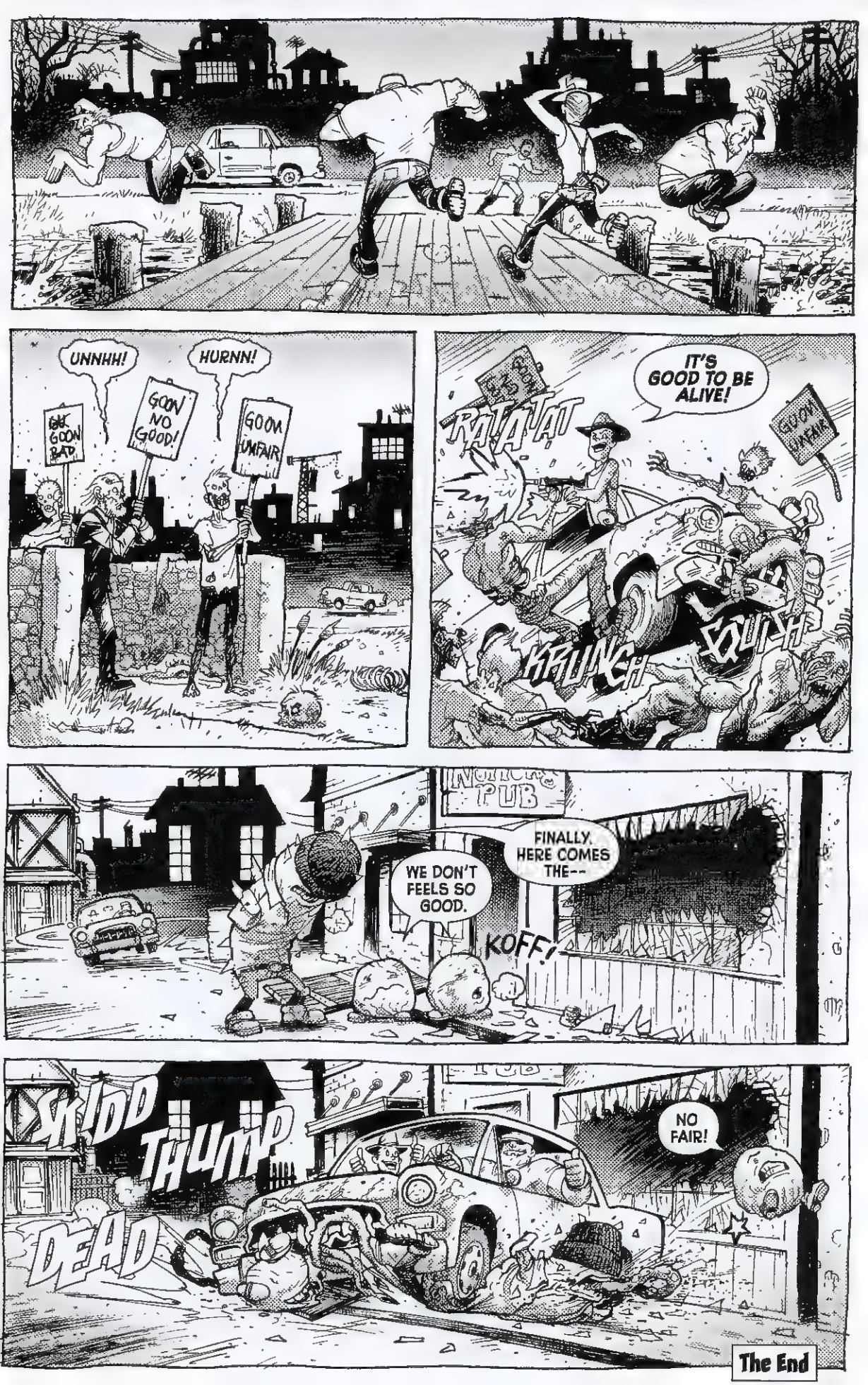
GENTLEMEN, GIVE UP THE GIANT LADY-MAN AND YOU DON'T GET A RUNNING PUNCH!


TRY THE LIDO DECK. 13-B.
SHE'S PROBABLY GOT SOME POOR BASTARD UP IN HER "HONEY POT." SHE ALWAYS HAS SOMEBODY IN THERE.
HONK!
PFFT

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
I'M LOOKING FOR MY LITTLE BUDDY.
YOUR BUDDY AIN'T HERE. JUST ME AND MY HONEY POT.
I'M COMING IN.
IT'S NICE TO HAVE A VISITOR. I DON'T GET MUCH COMPANY.
PARDON ME, MADAM/SIR, BUT THAT AIN'T WHAT I HEARD FROM THESE TWO CLOWNS.
WUMPH
HEY, I'D RECOGNIZE THAT VOICE ANYWHERE! GOON! SAVE ME! I'M IN HERE!
HEY, THAT'S MY DIMINUTIVE PAL YOU INSERTED UP YOU LIKE A FEMININE HYGIENE PRODUCT. THAT'S DESPICABLE. NOT TO MENTION UNSANITATIONAL.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. I HAVE NEEDS.
... I HAVE NEEDS.
WHAT THE DOUCHE?!? GOON, PUNCH THIS HE-SKANK IN THE TUMMY!! CATCH ME WHEN I FLY OUT OF THIS SHE-MAN'S WHAT-CHA-MADOOZLE!

...WHEN I FLY OUT OF THIS SHE-MAN'S WHAT-CHA-MADOOZLE!
I'M COMING FOR YOU, FRANKY.
YOU AIN'T PUNCHIN' ME ANYWHERE!
THUNK
SMASH
CRUNCH
KERRANG
SCREW THIS MESS. I'LL PUNCH MY WAY OUT OF HERE.
UMPF!
UHHN!
PONK
I SEE THE LIGHT. THANK JOSEPH, MARY, AND THAT JESUS KID.

KER-SLEEP
WHUMP
HONEY POT
HEY YA, GOON!
HEY THERE, FRANKY.
GOOD TO SEE YA, GOON!
DON'T LET ME DISTURB YOUR BEAUTY SLEEP, SWEETIE-MISTER. I LEFT MY PANTS.
NOW, YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME *NEXT TIME.*

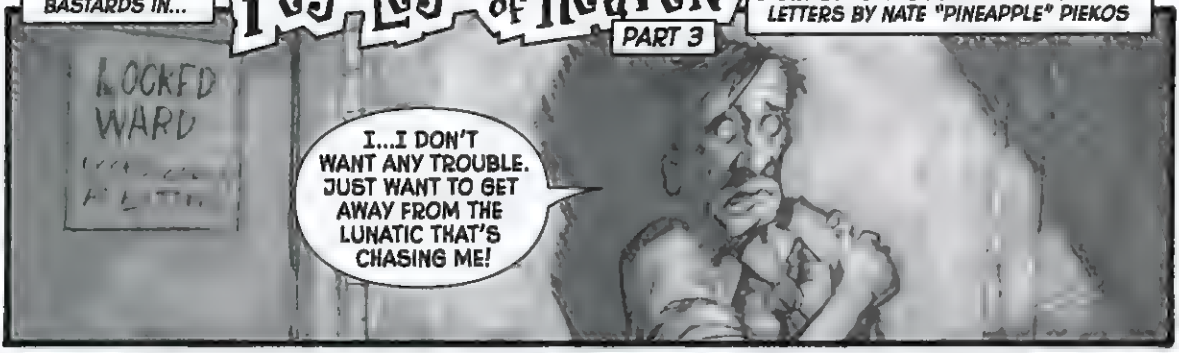

UNNHH!
HURNN!
GOON NO GOOD!
GOON UNFAIR
RA-TA-TAT
IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE!
KRUNCH
SQUISH
PUB
WE DON'T FEELS SO GOOD.
FINALLY. HERE COMES THE--
KOFF!
SKIDD
THUMP
DEAD
NO FAIR!
The End

THE LITTLE UNHOLY BASTARDS IN...

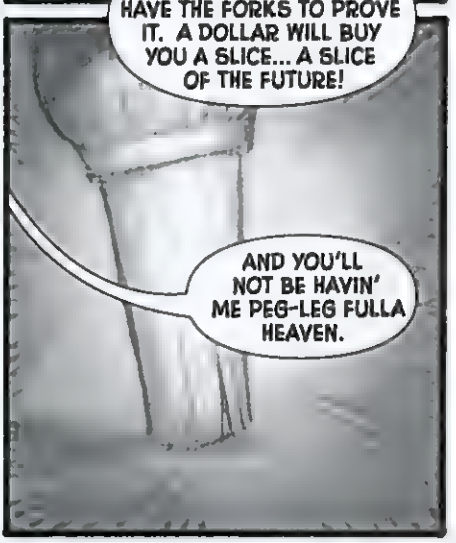
Peg-Leg Full of Heaven

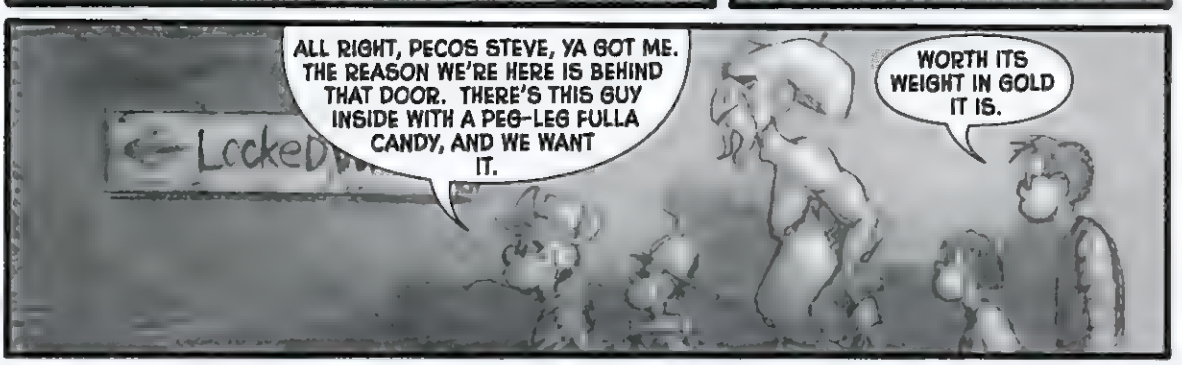
PART 3

ART BY ERIC "FARINA" POWELL
STORY BY TOM "BUCKWHEAT" SNIEGOSKI
LETTERS BY NATE "PINEAPPLE" PIEKOS



DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE, NO SIR. NO TROUBLE AT ALL. THEY WAS GONNA MAKE ME PRESIDENT.
WAITER, WHERE'S MY DRINK? I ORDERED A LIME RICKY HOURS AGO!
A LIKELY STORY, BOYO.


GRILLED CHEESE HAS COME TO US! I HAVE THE FORKS TO PROVE IT. A DOLLAR WILL BUY YOU A SLICE... A SLICE OF THE FUTURE!
AND YOU'LL NOT BE HAVIN' ME PEG-LEG FULLA HEAVEN.

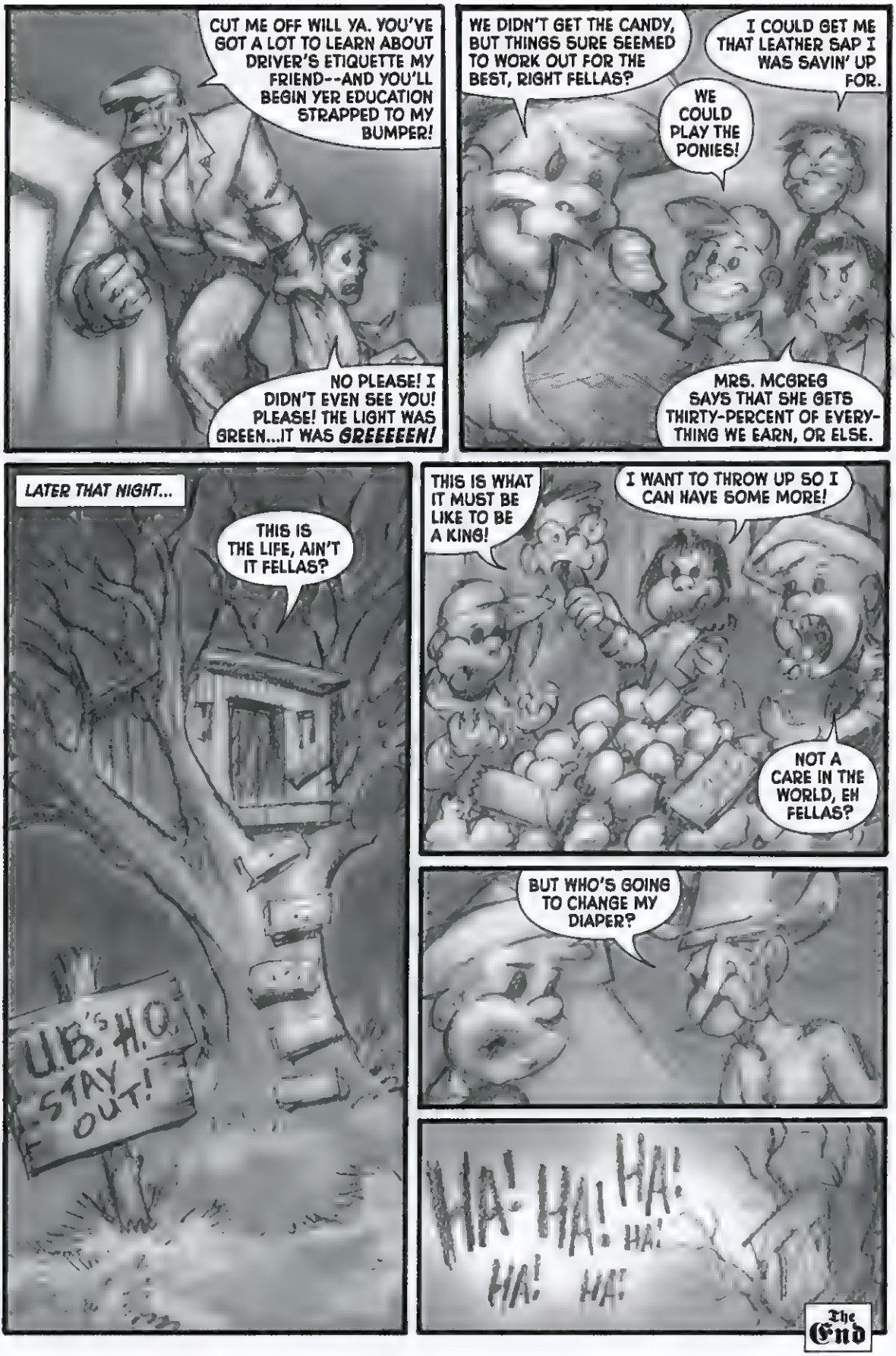

ALL RIGHT, PECOS STEVE, YA GOT ME. THE REASON WE'RE HERE IS BEHIND THAT DOOR. THERE'S THIS GUY INSIDE WITH A PEG-LEG FULLA CANDY, AND WE WANT IT.
WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD IT IS.

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT, PECOS. WE WANT THAT CANDY AND WE'RE WILLIN' TO SHARE IF YA GIVE US A HAND GETTIN' INSIDE. WHAT DO YA SAY?
PLEASE, PUT ME DOWN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I DON'T WANT YOUR FRIGGIN' CANDY!
HE LIES!
HE SHALL NOT HAVE OUR DELICOUS BOUNTY!
YOU'LL BE AN EXAMPLE, MATEY, TO ALL THOSE WHO COVET ME FOILED WRAPPED TREASURES.
WHAT DO YA SAY, PECOS? WILL YOU HELP US FER A CUT OF THE LOOT AND--
PKOW
PKOW
PKOW
HOLY CRAP! THEM PEA SHOOTERS ARE FER REAL!
PKOW
PKOW
PKOW
AHRRRRRR! I BE PUNCTURED!
WHAT THE--?!
HANDS WHERE I'S CAN SEE 'EM! NOBODY MOVE OR IT'S CURTAINS!
THAT'S OUR GUY!
YARRRRRR!

A Little Something
for the Ladies . . .

AND THE STORM DROPPED DOWN FROM THE SKY-- OBLITERATING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH, TAKING ALL THAT WAS PROMISED TO GOD, TAKING ALL THAT WAS PROMISED TO HEAVEN!
WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? GIVE US THE CANDY, STUMPY, BEFORE WE'RE FORCED TO TAP-DANCE ON YER SKULL.
AND HE SHALL COME UNTO US, CLOTHED IN A DIAPER OF CLOTH, AND WIELDING WEAPONS THAT BARK THUNDER. AND HE SHALL BE THE ONE TO LEAD US TO GLORY!
YOU'RE BLEEDIN' LIKE A SIEVE, AND NOT LIKELY TO SURVIVE THE HOUR. THE JIG IS UP!
POP!
WHAT THE--?!
EACH WRAPPER SPEAKS A STORY!
THIS ONE TELLS OF WARM HUMID NIGHTS IN SINGAPORE. OH HOW DELICIOUS IT WAS! AND THIS ONE WHISPERS OF UNREQUITED LOVE ON THE BANKS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA!

IT'S A FREAKIN' MADHOUSE. GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE--
WOUFF!
GOIN' SOMEWHERE, BUD?
THE CREEP ATE ALL THE CANDY.
SUCH STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF...GONE LIKE CRAP THROUGH A GOOSE!
MRS. MCGREG SAYS THAT DREAMS ARE FOR SUCKERS. YOU LIVE THE LIFE DEALT YA, OR YA DIE MISERABLE. YOUR CHOICE.
I CHOOSE CANDY!
HEY, YOU LITTLE BASTARDS! WHAT IN THE SAM HILL ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?
WE WAS JUST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, GOON. THOUGHT WE MIGHT CHECK IN ON SOME POTENTIAL CONTRIBUTORS TO YOUR SAVINGS PLAN FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS. YEAH, THAT'S IT!
YOU KIDS THINK LIKE PROS, AND I LIKE THAT. STAY ON TRACK AND THERE MIGHT BE A BIGGER PIECE OF THE PIE FOR YOU IN THE FUTURE.
THANKS, MR. GOON, YOU'RE SWELL!


CUT ME OFF WILL YA. YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT DRIVER'S ETIQUETTE MY FRIEND--AND YOU'LL BEGIN YER EDUCATION STRAPPED TO MY BUMPER!
NO PLEASE! I DIDN'T EVEN SEE YOU! PLEASE! THE LIGHT WAS GREEN...IT WAS GREEEEEN!
WE DIDN'T GET THE CANDY, BUT THINGS SURE SEEMED TO WORK OUT FOR THE BEST, RIGHT FELLAS?
I COULD GET ME THAT LEATHER SAP I WAS SAVIN' UP FOR.
WE COULD PLAY THE PONIES!
MRS. MCGREG SAYS THAT SHE GETS THIRTY-PERCENT OF EVERY-THING WE EARN, OR ELSE.
LATER THAT NIGHT...
THIS IS THE LIFE, AIN'T IT FELLAS?
U.B.'S H.Q. STAY OUT!
THIS IS WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE TO BE A KING!
I WANT TO THROW UP SO I CAN HAVE SOME MORE!
NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD, EH FELLAS?
BUT WHO'S GOING TO CHANGE MY DIAPER?
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
The End

Lucky Pierre
Story By THOMAS LENNON
Art By GUY DAVIS
Letters By NATE PIEKOS

GOON, LOOK OUT!
ROT
RRAWR!!

THANKS, GOON! MORE FELLAS LIKE THE GOON AND WE'D BE WHUPPIN' THOSE !@#%$ *€^% ALL THE WAY BACK TO DUSSELDORF.
WHAT A MAN, THAT GOON!
RHUBARB FART-FART UNCLE TIME!
I THINK PEACHES VALENTINE IS TRYING TO SAY WE DID GOOD.
...AND NOW HE JUST SHOVED A TURD IN HIS OWN EAR. DON'T LOOK, IT AIN'T PRETTY.
MORE THAN GOOD...
...YOU HAVE SAVED OUR BELOVED ZOO, GOON AND FRANKY. AND IT IS WITH GREAT INDEBTEDNESS THAT I PRESENT YOU WITH THE KEY TO OUR CITY.
I KNOW WHERE WE CAN PAWN THAT FOR TWO CANS OF BEANS AND A GRENADE.
SOUNDS GOOD.
GOON, LOOK OUT!

GUMMA!
CLICK

THE GOON! THAT'S OUR MAN!
LUCKY PIERRE CIGARETTES
GOON SAVES ZOO
FROM LION
HUNGRY
LOOK AT THAT JAWLINE! THAT MASCULINE MANNER! THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE FACE WE WANT FOR LUCKY PIERRE CIGARETTES!
QUITE A PAIR OF PYTHONS ON THIS BOY. MOMMA MUSTA FED HIM GOOD.
WE'LL HAVE THIS GOON AS OUR SPOKESMAN OR MY NAME ISN'T LIONEL PENDERCRISP!
WATCH THE HANDS.
SORRY.

NOT TOM'S PUB
CALL ME A NOSTALGIC, BUT I USED TO LIKE WHEN WE PLAYED CARDS FOR REGULAR MONEY. NOT OLD FINGERNAILS.
TIMES ARE TIGHT, FRANKY. THERE'S A WAR ON, REMEMBER. RADIO SAYS IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE PUSH THOSE !@#$ €^%$ ALL THE WAY BACK TO BADEN BADEN.
I FOLD.
THERE HE IS! MR. GOON, LIONEL PENDERCRISP, LUCKY PIERRE CIGARETTES.
I AIN'T INTERESTED.
I THINK YOU WILL BE. I HAVE A BUSINESS PROPOSITION FOR YOU...
IF YOU WANT SOMEBODY EIGHTY-SIXED--THAT'S THREE DOLLARS PLUS TWO BITS FOR TRAVEL. IF YOU WANT WE SHOULD CLEAN UP AFTER, THAT'S ANOTHER NICKEL FOR BLEACH. PERSONALLY, I'D SAVE THE NICKEL AND SKIP THE BLEACH. IF YOU GOT AN ILL-BEHAVED KID, MY FRIEND SPIDER HERE WILL HIDE UNDER HIS BED AND SCARE THE LIVING !@#$ OUT OF HIM FOR A DOLLAR AND A QUARTER.

NOT WORK THAT I'M PARTICULARLY PROUD OF, BUT THERE'S A WAR ON AND ALL.
UNDEAD OR SUPERNATURAL WORK IS TIME AND A HALF. CHANGELINGS AND ANY TYPE OF "EVIL BABY" OR "WOLF BABY" JOB IS BY-THE-HOUR WITH A TWO-HOUR MINIMUM.
GENTLEMEN, IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT. IT SIMPLY INVOLVES TAKING SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF AN ARTISTIC NATURE.
WHOAH--EASY PAL. WE DON'T GO LIKE THAT. THREE BLOCKS DOWN THERE'S A BAR WHERE THEY GO LIKE THAT--BIG ANCHOR ON THE SIGN. YOU CAN'T MISS IT.
♪...THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A DAME!♫
GENTLEMEN. PLEASE. I AM THE SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF LUCKY PIERRE CIGARETTES, ONE OF AMERICA'S TOP TWENTY-FIVE CIGARETTES! VOTED MOST SATISFYING ON THE LUNGS AND SINUS PASSAGES. THE FIRST CIGARETTE COMPANY IN THE WORLD TO INSIST THAT OUR CIGARETTES ARE NOT SOLD TO ANYONE UNDER NINE YEARS OF AGE!
OKAY. WE'RE LISTENING.
I AIN'T.
I AM PREPARED TO OFFER MR. GOON A VERY LARGE SUM OF MONEY TO BE THE "FACE" OF LUCKY PIERRE CIGARETTES, ON OVER FIFTY BILLBOARDS ACROSS THE COUNTRY.
WHAT KIND OF SUM ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?
THE LARGEST SUM OF MONEY YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE.
EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS?
ARE YOU INSANE? THERE'S A WAR ON. WE WERE THINKING MORE LIKE SIXTY-FIVE.
DONE! WHAT TIME AND WHERE?

WE GOT TOO MUCH SHINE ON MR. GOON.
YOU PUT MAKE-UP ON HIM AND YOU'LL SPEND CHRISTMAS ASKING SANTY CLAUS FOR A NEW FACE AND SPINE.
SCUSILO.
ARE WE DONE WITH THIS NONSENSE?
YES! SPLENDID, MR. GOON. WELL DONE!
MAKE WITH THE DOUGH, SHAKESPEARE.
MS. WENSLEYDALE, THE CHECK PLEASE!

...THIS HERE IS ACTUALLY TWO-CENT BLEACH, SO WE MADE THREE CENTS' PROFIT ON IT.
SWELL.
YOU'RE IN SOME MOOD. YOU OUTTA BE HAPPY--SIXTY-FIVE BUCKS FOR TWENTY MINUTES' WORK. WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH THE MONEY?
NUTHIN'.
WHAT?!
NUTHIN'. TORE UP THE CHECK. FLUSHED IT. I BEEN THINKIN', AND I COULD SEE MYSELF AS A ROLE-MODEL TYPE... FOR KIDS. SO THAT THEY MAKE SOMETHING OF THEMSELVES.
YOUR HACKSAW STILL HAS A LITTLE BIT OF EYEBALL ON IT.
WHAT WERE YOU SAYIN'?
NUTHIN'.
ANYHOO, I DON'T KNOW FOR A FACT THAT GUY WAS A VAMPIRE, HE MIGHTA JUST BEEN CHARLIE NOODLES' LANDLORD... EITHER WAY, THREE BUCKS PLUS TRAVEL...
HOLY !@#$!
GOD HELP US.

I'M A LUCKY PIERRE MAN!
LUCKY PIERRE
HOW DID THEY PUT A NECKERCHIEF ON YOU?
I DUNNO. SHOWBIZ TRICKS.
LUCKY PIERRE

SO--YOU TORE UP THE CHECK AND FLUSHED IT, HUH?
YEAH...

I KNOW WHERE THE SEWERS LET OUT INTO THAT BIG TURD-RIVER BY SPANISHTOWN. WE COULD FISH AROUND FOR IT, TAPE IT BACK TOGETHER.
FRANKY, PLEASE...THAT AIN'T WORK FIT FOR ANY SELF-RESPECTIN' MAN.

PEACHES, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE TWO SHINY DIMES?
MAYO

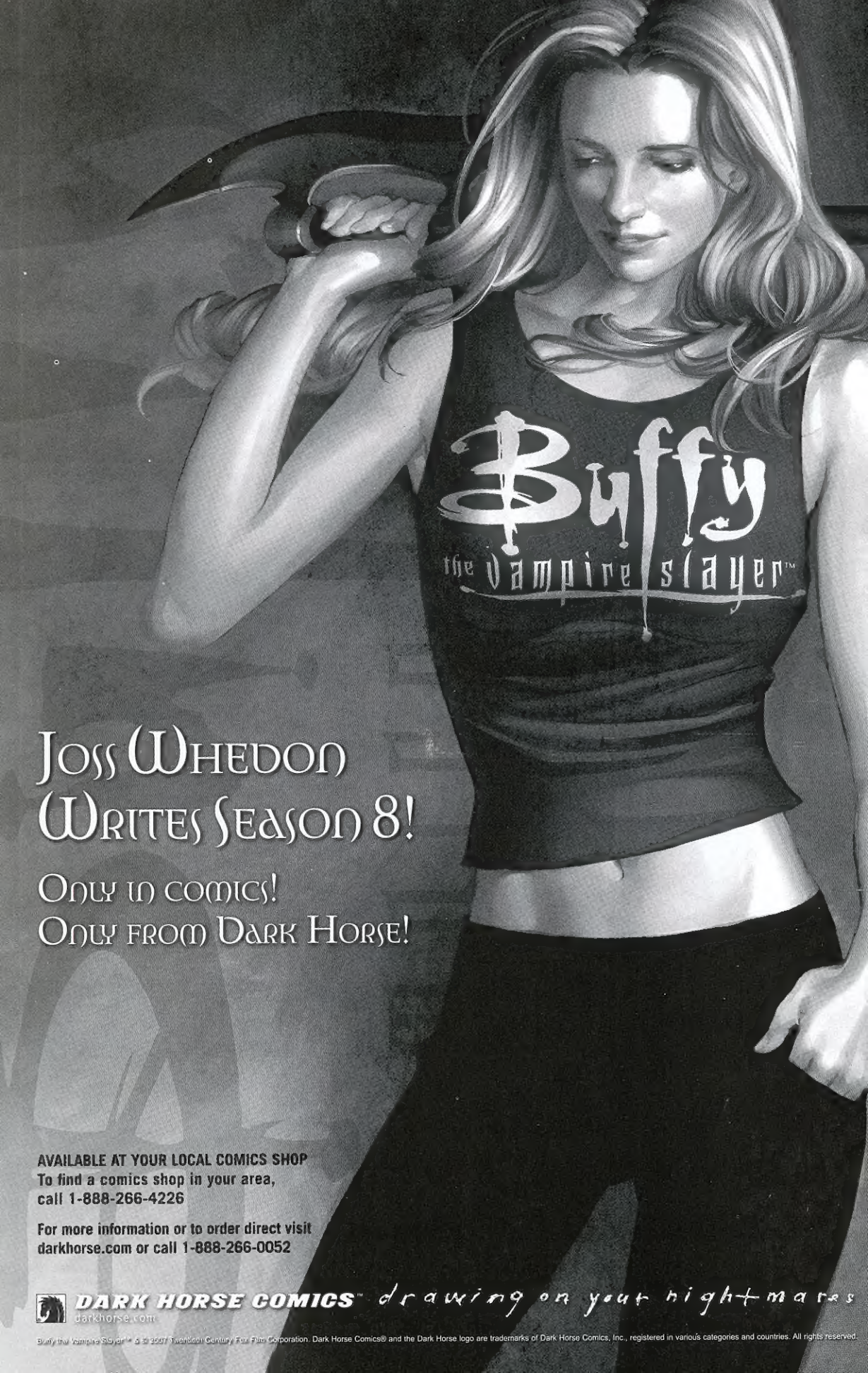
The End

DWIGHT T. ALBATROSS

1969 - 2006

In loving memory of a god among men.

If you are interested in making donations to the Dwight T. Albatross Memorial Monument Fund, please send them to Dwight T. Albatross, P.O. Box 28, Lebanon, TN 37088. Make all checks payable to Dwight T. Albatross. We are also accepting donations in beef jerky, cartons of Winston Lights, salted peanuts, and naked photos of hot girlfriends.



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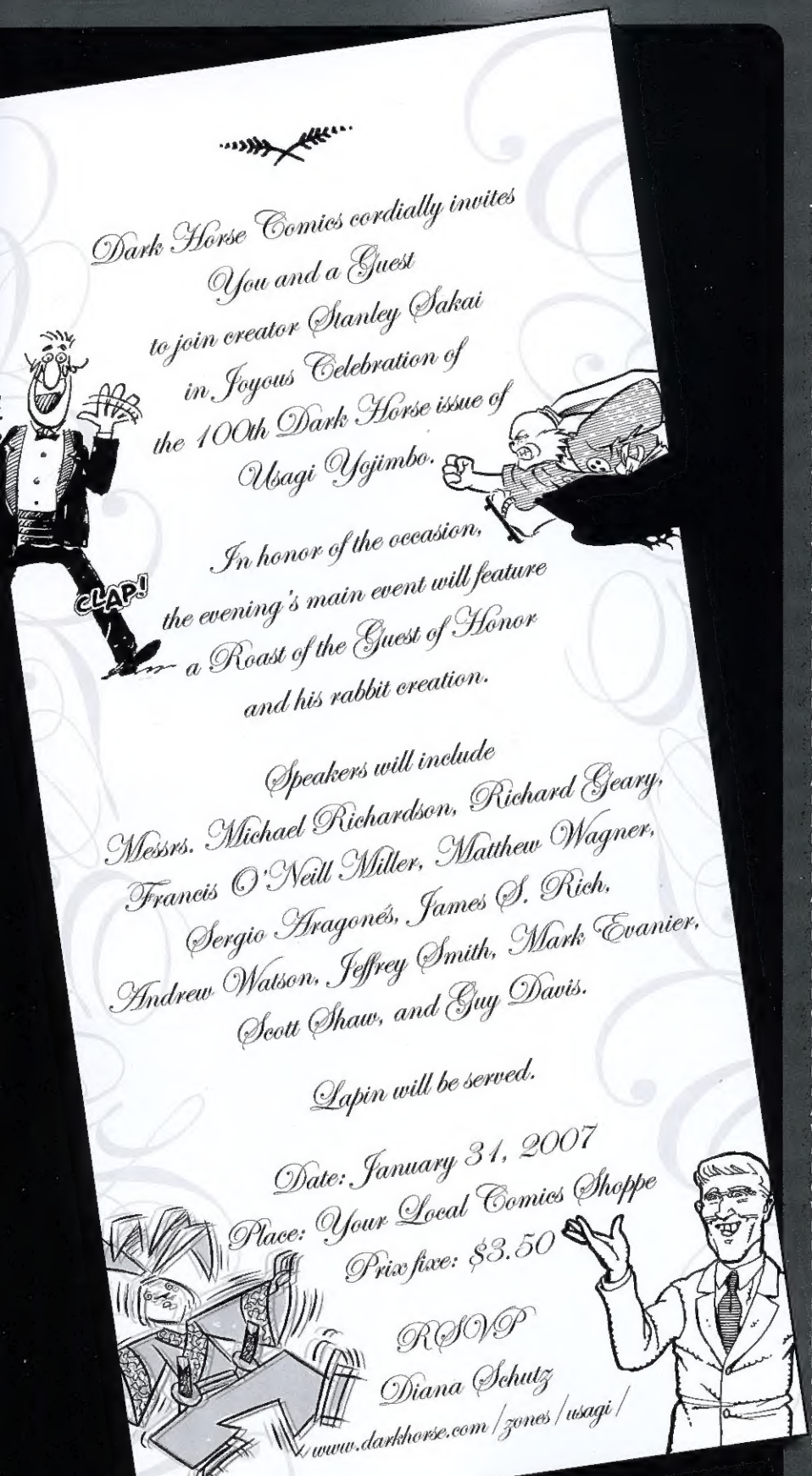
HORSEPOWER


Dark Horse Comics cordially invites
You and a Guest
to join creator Stanley Sakai
in Joyous Celebration of
the 100th Dark Horse issue of
Usagi Yojimbo.
In honor of the occasion,
the evening's main event will feature
a Roast of the Guest of Honor
and his rabbit creation.
Speakers will include
Messrs. Michael Richardson, Richard Geary,
Francis O'Neill Miller, Matthew Wagner,
Sergio Aragonés, James S. Rich,
Andrew Watson, Jeffrey Smith, Mark Evanier,
Scott Shaw, and Guy Davis.
Lapin will be served.
Date: January 31, 2007
Place: Your Local Comics Shoppe
Prix fixe: $3.50
RSVP
Diana Schutz
www.darkhorse.com/zones/usagi/
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DARK HORSE 20 YEARS

January 2007

Dark Horse Comics

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